

The Evening World

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A NEW INTEREST IN U. S. SENATORS.

NEXT Tuesday, for the first time in the history of the country, United States Senators will be elected by direct popular vote. The framers of the Constitution deemed it safer to have members of the upper legislative house of the National Government chosen by the Legislatures of the States. If they were alive to-day they might hold different views. Electors in many States, scandalized by the corruption that has crept into State capitols, have decided that the people themselves are better fitted to select Senators. This is not creditable to the development of State Legislatures. It is creditable to the development of enlightened political responsibility throughout the nation. The closer election comes to the people the better. This is not in all respects the theory of the Constitution framers, but it is a brave step along the path of pure, popular government.

The new method of electing Senators ought to be of particular interest to voters in New York and Connecticut, who have a chance next Tuesday to send two exceptionally good Democrats to the Senate. Popular choice of Senators in these two States can make no worthier rival than by electing Simeon E. Baldwin and James W. Gerard.

HAVEN'T WE "OBSERVED" ENOUGH?

SEVERAL hundred bankers, manufacturers and importers of the United States are to start next January on a one hundred and six day tour of South America under the guidance of the Fidelity Trust Company of Baltimore. The aim of the expedition is to study trade relations between the two continents. This is by no means the first of these trade-prospecting trips to South America. There have been plenty of them in the last few years. The prospectors always come back and tell us that the markets are prodigiously inviting but that American agents don't seem to get on with the South Americans because they can't adapt themselves. The next expedition ought to make up its mind to return with a different story. Why not leave some of the observers at home and take along a few traders of proved "adaptability," who know how to take hold and accomplish things? The way to do business with South America is to do it, not to go on forever observing and discussing it.

SEMI-CIVILIZED.

CONGRESS shall have power . . . to fix the standard of weights and measures.—U. S. Constitution; Art. I, sec. viii, paragraph 5.

What more natural and fitting among its minor functions? Yet this common-sense provision of the Constitution has come to naught. Congress has never seen fit to help the country's business with this obvious and badly-needed aid.

For a nation like the United States to go pottering on with differing systems of weights and measures with which different sections must familiarize themselves is semi-civilized. Weights and measures are necessary and universal means of doing business. Within the limits of a nation, at least, they should be as standardized as the alphabet.

It is to be hoped that the State Superintendents of Weights and Measures now in conference in this city may start a national movement for complete uniformity in these fundamental requisites of every day business.

BROWNSVILLE SCORES THE B. R. T.

BROWNSVILLE residents have suffered much from the methods of the B. R. T. They have prepared a list of abuses for the Public Service Commission and Alderman Rosenblum will see that their complaints are duly presented.

The B. R. T.'s treatment of Brownsville is typical. Passengers on St. John's Place cars, at the Buffalo avenue terminus, never find enough Bergen street cars to meet them. Bergen street cars run so infrequently that they are crowded beyond endurance. People who do not take the Bergen street line must walk a long block or more to the Ralph avenue line. The transfer system is complicated and incomplete.

From every part of Brooklyn come similar reports of the brutal penalties and chicanery policies of the B. R. T. Unless the Public Service Commission acts now it will have to explain later to a thoroughly aroused public which will have already sought relief in legislative action.

Letters From the People

Pecked Care.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am glad to see your paper taking such a stand in regard to the "B. R. T. Pecking Association" of Brooklyn. It is common conversation on the cars of this company about the pecking conditions of the cars at all hours of the day. I live close to the Fifth Avenue road at Thirty-sixth street and have carefully watched the pecking of cars. For instance, in the morning till about 7:30 they use their cars, but on their return to Thirty-sixth street at that time one car is dropped off each train every five to ten minutes, and then we have two-car trains, but always crowded. What are we going to do? They run the subway—have plenty of seats? No, I think it will be the same pecking system, unless the B. R. T. is brought to terms. Any good idea would be to ask the B. R. T. to issue time tables.
W. W. S.
Canary Peckers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In the inquiry regarding the pecking of cars, I am sure that the B. R. T. is the only one to blame.

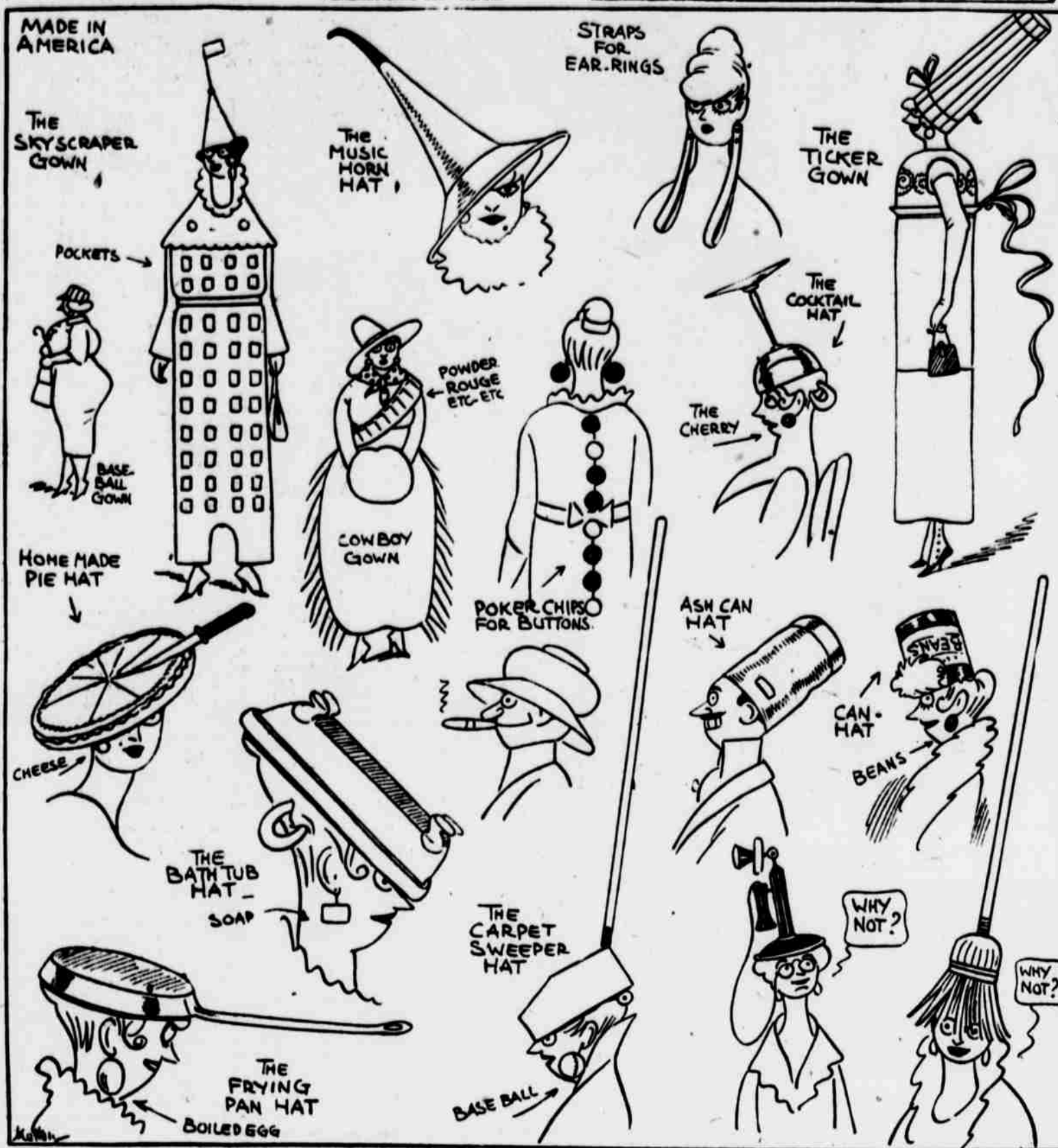
Correspondent and to all other bird lovers. I would advise buying the canary seed and rape seed separately and mixing one-third canary to two-thirds rape seed. Do not feed hemp seed excepting once a week. Keep the bird to come to you. Give bath every other day in tepid water. And be sure the perches are dry before putting them in the cage after cleaning. As birds are very susceptible to rheumatism. Put plenty of gravel (if prefer the coarse) in bottom of cage. Until the bird is perfectly well and sings properly would advise a bottle of some reliable bird bitters. Put from five to ten drops in the drinking water every other day, and give fresh drinking water every afternoon with the bitters. Feed a piece of sweet, ripe apple once or twice a week and a small piece of lettuce once a week. Keep your bird in a temperature from 65 to 72 degrees, and do not hang directly in the sun, nor too near a window, and be careful to avoid draughts. Cover cage at night between 6 and 7 o'clock with heavy wrapping paper and put it in a quiet dark room. Leave plenty of room for ventilation but not for draughts.
B. L.

Wednesday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did June 5, 1904, fall?
C. M. C.

Why Not?

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

OH, I say!" chirruped Miss Irene Cockleberry. "To-morrow's Sunday—let's go to Atlantic City!"

Mr. Blodger, her young and sedentary, if stalwart, stepfather, swallowed the apple dumpling whole that he would otherwise have more delicately negotiated and cried:

"Sure, kid! Sure!"

Mrs. Blodger smiled and said:

"It would be grand! and passed her husband the last two adult-sized boiled apple dumplings—Philadelphia style. For, as Mrs. Blodger said afterward: "Paw ain't at all well and we must coax him to eat."

Mrs. Jarr, still at the Blodger-Cockleberry's genteel Philadelphia home, as a welcome though non-paying guest, could not understand the enthusiasm of her friends at the thought of going to Atlantic City. She had been to Atlantic City on

Mrs. Jarr, in Exile, Learns News That Makes Home Seem Far Away

she did not rush upstairs when her sister did and have a pitched battle at their mutual bureau as to who should get first grab at the things in the house in the way of feminine dress and ornament.

"I don't see why you are all so excited about going to Atlantic City," ventured Mrs. Jarr.

"Did you ever spend a Sunday in Philadelphia?" asked Mr. Bernard Blodger. "If you had, you'd be glad to go to Atlantic City on Sunday. I

Lessons in Doing Time at Sing Sing

(BY GUNST NO. 25,456.)

Transmitted by Martin Green

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Some people can be judged only by the amount of dust they raise.—Nashville Banner.

We suppose that not more than ninety-nine out of every hundred men imagine their wives would be crazy to marry them if they had not done so already.—Toledo Blade.

Have observed that the man who walks like he owned the earth rarely ever has a tax receipt for a building lot.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

One would think that good intentions were too perishable to be useful for paying material where they are said to be used.

Who waits always for something to turn up will be rewarded at last by his toes.—Albany Journal.

It is easier to learn to wait than to learn to labor.

"Be just before you are generous" is the nice way of looking out for No. 1.—Deseret News.

Pride in repartee is something we can never account for when we hear the other fellow get off something we could have said just as quickly had we cared to think it up.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Being cheerful soon becomes a desirable habit.

Nobody ever creates any business by talking that there is no business.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

The things we need the least are usually the things we are willing to mortgage the house to get.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Lessons in Doing Time at Sing Sing

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WOULD earnestly advise all persons contemplating a sojourn in Sing Sing or any other institution of learning to perfect themselves in the art of riding in an automobile and also presenting a gentlemanly appearance.

The latter is essential as warden's are sensitive about their associates. My experience has shown that it is best to perfect one's self in the enjoyment of an eight-cylinder car. At the risk of being considered a fool, I will state that my personal preference is for something not so heavy—not less than two nor more than four, so to speak.

It would be well to take along, when you start for Sing Sing or whatever other institution is selected by the court, a light gray duster and a couple of heavier overcoats. Instruct the person who takes charge of your apparel to be careful about these, as they will be needed when the time comes to go out in the car.

Always instruct the warden to purchase a roomy car. The wider the roomier the more room for one to stretch out in repose on long journeys. Insist upon a light, serviceable top for protection in wet or stormy weather.

Do not let your natural eagerness for getting out into the open air lead you to take any unnecessary risks. Restrain yourself until the warden has qualified as a driver. This advice applies particularly to Sing Sing, as there are so many steep hills in Westchester, the Bronx and upper Manhattan; and automobile traffic is heavy along the main roads at all hours of the day and night.

On the first trip out, satisfy yourself that the warden understands that he must shut off his power before putting on the brakes. It would be well to make this first trip a sort of a practice spin; down to Harmon, say, or to some other nearby settlement where there is a good inn.

Do not express annoyance when called upon to assist in putting on a new tire or mending a shoe. These tasks are inseparable from motoring. The most careful chauffeur is liable to a blow-out, especially in the early dawn or late dusk, as the case may be.

When at rest keep in touch with the car. I can conceive of nothing more annoying than to find one's self twenty or thirty or more miles away from headquarters at midnight and unable to get a line on the warden or the machine. It is easier for a bridegroom to break into his flat at 3 A. M. than it is for a student in Sing Sing to retire after midnight without "wisting every guy in the stir."

Avoid City Squares in Tenkers. Next to Forty-second street and Broadway this appears to be the busiest little old centre for rubbernecks in the United States. It is well to be discreet in these matters.

DO NOT CONVERSE WITH BARTENDERS. Each and every confabulation with waiters, bartenders and waiters are the gambler people in the world. In case of a division of opinion as to route or destination, it is always well to defer, in a degree, at least, to the wishes of the warden. After all, if a warden wants to be a warden he can be a warden.

When introduced to friends of the warden, keep the conversation along general lines.

In conclusion, bear in mind that discretion is an important factor in pushing a good thing along.

What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

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ON WHETHER "TO TELL OR NOT TO TELL."

"TO-DAY," remarked the Widow opening her vanity case and gazing reflectively at the radiant vision therein, "a man told me the real truth!"

"It doesn't seem to have made you any happier," commented the Bachelor, noting the disapproving crinkle between her eyes.

"No," acknowledged the Widow as she finished powdering her nose and snapped the vanity case to with a sigh. "It was my hairdresser—and he told me that I LOOKED my real age!"

"But—can't that young enough?" inquired the Bachelor curiously.

"Mr. Weatherby!" exclaimed the Widow in shocked reproach. "The woman should look over twenty in these days—at least, not before she's forty! Every woman expects to look at least half a dozen years her own junior. I can't think what made him say that," she mused sadly.

"Neither can I," declared the Bachelor. "It was brutal. No man should tell a woman the truth—and no gentleman will!"

Truth in Medium Deceit.

"NO," acknowledged the Widow with a cynical shrug of her dancing shoulders, "not even a husband. They'd almost rather tell you a disagreeable untruth than a pleasant truth. A man only tells a woman the truth when he can think of nothing else more interesting. And as for confessing—well, you might as well try to persuade him to drink carbolic acid or to hang himself to confess anything. Now a woman just loves to confess. Even if she has committed only the tiniest, weakest faux pas, she enjoys the thrill of dressing it up and surrounding it with dramatic frills and giving it a stage setting—and then TELLING her husband all about it. She can't be happy until she gets it off her mind; it keeps her awake nights!"

"And so," rejoined the Bachelor mockingly, "she generously proceeds to put it on HIS mind and let it keep HIM awake nights! Queer idea of wifely devotion, that! But a gentleman at least has the decency to keep his peccadilloes to himself and not inflict them on his wife."

"And, no doubt," retorted the Widow, "a man thinks that in the time he would spend confessing his sins and follies he could be committing a whole lot more of them. But it's funny that while a man is in love he is just full of confessions!"

A Sure Cure for "Confessions."

"YES," agreed the Bachelor dryly, "and after they are married the woman just revels in reminding him of all the fool things he told her and of what a 'villain' and a 'Don Juan' he 'confessed' himself to be. That's why he never confesses anything more!"

"Well," pouted the Widow, "if a man really loved his wife he would MAKE UP something to confess to her, just to keep life exciting, and relieve her days of monotony. Besides, a husband is just like a Christmas package anyhow. A woman is always guessing at what's in his mind; and between her curiosity and her imagination she always makes it ten times bigger and more complex than it really is."

"So that by the time she does worm the truth out of him," sighed the Bachelor, "she is so disgusted and disappointed because it doesn't amount to anything that she won't believe it! Now man is never curious!"

"No!" broke in the Widow with a scoffing laugh. "Because a woman always TELLS him everything before he has a chance to become curious."

"Exactly," agreed the Bachelor scornfully. "She will go to all sorts of measures to deceive him in something and then work herself into a seething foam of indignation because he doesn't try to find out what it is."

"That," declared the Widow solemnly, "is because when a woman deceives she does it just in order to be interesting, or to start something, or for a little excitement; but when a man deceives he does it to DECEIVE!"

A "Self-Starter" for Trouble.

"AND in the end," groaned the Bachelor, "the woman succeeds in deceiving, and the man only succeeds in creating excitement—and 'starting something!'"

"Which proves conclusively," finished the Widow with a triumphant wave of her fan, "that it is better to tell than not to tell! But tell me the real truth, Mr. Weatherby. DO I look it?"

"Look what?" asked the Bachelor cautiously.

"My age."

"You don't look within ten years of it!"

"WHAT!" cried the Widow in horror. "How old do you think I am?"

"Well, you don't LOOK a day over sixteen!" ventured the Bachelor.

"I knew it!" cried the Widow delightedly.

"Oh! Did you?"

"I knew that you would lie—like a gentleman!" said the Widow.

CHAPTERS FROM A WOMAN'S LIFE

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XI.
AFTER a few days I found myself practically penniless—homeless, and, I fear, friendless. The house, the furniture, the cars, had all been turned over to repay as far as possible—which to me was astonishingly little—those whom Jack had robbed.

The question now confronting me was, How was I to live? Thanks to Mr. Flam, there had not been the usual notoriety. The papers had mentioned it, of course, and for a day or two had made considerable of it. But it had quickly died out. Nevertheless, I knew when mother wrote me that she had read between the lines, and knew only too well what had happened, and—the cause.

I consulted Mr. Flam, and, acting on his advice, I sent—or rather he sent—the children and Norah to mother. I intended to find work. Something, anything, so it helped care for the children and paid the debts for which I alone was responsible.

I had not heard a word from Jack, but neither had the other I comforted myself. Sometimes I felt as though I could not endure not to hear from him, but, knowing it to be for the best for his safety, I tried to be courageous.

There WAS one friend, Nell Grant, whom I had neglected for my newer, more fashionable acquaintances. She insisted that I come to her until she should find something to do. Mr. Flam joined her in saying it was the right thing for me, so I became an inmate of Nell's household.

I depended entirely on Mr. Flam. This man, whom I had once sneered at, was my greatest comfort. He advised my staying where I was, and insisted that I come to her until she should find something to do. Mr. Flam joined her in saying it was the right thing for me, so I became an inmate of Nell's household.

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